As heaven had lent her all his grace:
with whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did provoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To evill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long uſe, accounted no ſinne,
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of weight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the judgement of your eye,
I give my cauſe, who beſt can juſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you have at large received
The danger of the taske you under-take.

Per. I have (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, even of *Iove* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did fit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubjects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every vertue gives renowne to men;

Her face the booke of pra
Nothing but curious pleaſ
Sorrow were ever rackt,
Could never be her milde
You gods that made me
That have enflam'd deſire
To taſte the fruit of yon
(Or die in the adventure
As I am ſonne and ſervan
To compaſſe ſuch a bondl
Anti. Prince *Pericles.*
Per. That would be ſo
Anti. Before thee ſtand
With golden fruit, but da
For death like Dragons h
Her face like heaven, ent
Her countleſſe glory, wh
And which without deſe
Preſumes to reach, all the
Yon ſometimes famous P
Drawne by report, adve
Tell thee with ſpeechleſ
That without covering,
Here they ſtand martyrs,
And with dead cheekes a
For going on deaths net,
Per. Antiochus I thank
My fraile mortality to kn
And by thoſe fearefull ob
This body, like to them,
For death remembred, ſ
Who tels us life's but bre
Ile make my will then,
Who know the world,
Gripe not at earthly joy
So I bequeathe a happy
And all good men, as eve

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